

how can that fact be ascertained, since General d'Hautpoult was killed on that same day ? Who can assure us that that General had been able to communicate with the Marshal ?

Those who knew Bonaparte, his cunning, and the artful advantage he would sometimes take of words which he attributed to the dead, will easily solve the enigma. The battle of Eylau was terrible. Night came on — Bernadotte's corps was instantly, but in vain, expected; and after a great loss the French army had the melancholy honor of passing the night on the field of battle. Bernadotte at length arrived, but too late. He met the enemy, who were retreating without the fear of being molested towards Königsberg, the only capital remaining to Prussia. The King of Prussia was then at Memel, a small port on the Baltic, thirty leagues from Königsberg.

After the battle of Eylau both sides remained stationary, and several days elapsed without anything remarkable taking place. The offers of peace made by the Emperor, with very little earnestness it is true, were disdainfully rejected, as if a victory disputed with Napoleon was to be regarded as a triumph. The battle of Eylau seemed to turn the heads of the Russians, who chanted *Te Deum* on the occasion. But while the Emperor was making preparations to advance, his diplomacy was taking effect in a distant quarter, and raising up against Russia an old and formidable enemy. Turkey declared war against her. This was a powerful diversion, and obliged Russia to strip her western frontiers to secure a line of defence on the south.¹

i On this occasion the diplomacy of England was notoriously at fault. A clever and determined ambassador at Constantinople might have kept the Turks quiet, but Mr. Arbuthnot, the resident Minister, was not the man, and he was sick with a slow fever at the moment of crisis. The year before, when the Turks were on the point of going to war with Russia about Wallachia and Moldavia, they were bullied into peace by a young English diplomatist, who has since then made himself notorious in very different ways. This was the Honorable William Lord Wellesley Pole, who was then second secretary to our embassy. Knowing that the Divan were coming to a decision, he left the ambassador's house at Büyükdere, mounted his horse, and galloped to Constantinople, through a torrent of rain. He never stopped till he reached the Porte, where he leaped out of his saddle and presented himself to the Divan of Ministers, with his whip in his hand and covered all over with mud. He stormed the Turks to their beards — he threatened them with annihilation, and drawing on his imagination for his facts, he swore to them